

GLEANED IN THE BYWAYS.

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Practical Joker Nails a Sleeping Tramp to a Peanut Stand.

During a recent rainstorm, a poor ragged tramp, about 4 o'clock in the morning, was wandering down a Harlem street near the bridge, in search of shelter.

His mental balance was slightly overcome by the preponderance of moisture within, and when he came in sight of an inviting-looking peanut stand, he unhesitatingly flopped himself down before it, and was soon sound asleep.

A party of four young men came sauntering around the corner. They had been "doing" the town and were ready for any lark. They eyed the sleeping tramp and one of the party with a "wait a minute boys" entered a neighboring saloon, from which he presently emerged with a hammer and some nails.

Cautiously approaching the sleeping tramp, the one of the tomato can, the joker softly pined the two legs of the sleeper together. Then he quickly drove a nail through each trouser leg.

Next the joker extended one arm and nailed that by its coat-sleeve at right angles to the body. The other arm was served similarly.

Finally the joker awaited developments. Pretty soon a sleepy policeman came sauntering along. His eyes rested on the tramp and he started. Recovering himself, he walked up to the sleeper and prodded him in the ribs with his locust.

"No answer. 'Get up," said the copper, emphasizing the "up" with another prod. This time the sleeper grunted.

Another prod woke him and he tried to rise. He was too sleepy to comprehend what ailed him, and he simply protested against the "fanning" which the copper was bestowing on his feet, becoming exasperated, jammed his club in his belt and hissed through his teeth: "I'll see if you won't get up, you loafer."

Grasping the foot of the prostrate tramp, he gave a mighty pull. Something had to come and something did. It was the tramp. But his clothing was left behind, still nailed to the peanut stand. There was no one more astonished than the policeman when he turned and looked at the apparition before him. The tramp was almost naked.

Then the joker came forward, hustled their victim into a saloon, provided him with clothes and soothed his injured feelings with refreshments. All hands were happy then.

Intellectual Conversation on the Subject of Ice in the River.

A stranger on a ferryboat coming from Jersey City to New York, came earnestly gazing out at the prospect afforded by the river.

There were about ten miles less of prospect than usual, for it was foggy, and there were flying flakes of snow in the damp air.

Along the Jersey side of the river was a quantity of broken ice, which had floated over against the classic shore of that sweet little State.

The stranger looked at the ice contemplatively, then he turned his eye toward the New York side. There was very little ice on that side. Then he turned his eye toward a passenger, and, lifting up his voice, asked:

"Does the ice always drift to one side of the river?"

"Not always," slowly and deliberately. "Which side does it generally drift to?"

"Well, you find it over here now, and tomorrow morning you'll find it over there. It changes round."

This speech was accompanied by an explanatory nod towards one shore and then towards the other.

There was a pause. The man who had asked the questions didn't seem to know whether he was filled up with information or not.

After a moment's silence the Hudson River guide broke loose like a spouting geyser. "It's better on the other side."

"Which side's better?"

"Better ice on the other side?"

"No! Better 't' have 't' ice over there."

"Oh!"

"Why?"

"Cause the ferry-boats can get through easier than the New York side."

The man drifted slowly away.

The Small Boy Was Not Pested on "Pigs in Clover."

Four young ladies, all readers of THE EVENING WORLD, are employed in an up-town art store. Recently they caught the "Pigs in Clover" puzzle fever, and forthwith determined to purchase four of the fascinating little boxes.

Business being dull, one of the cash-boys, a youth not over bright, was called and given instructions to purchase four "pigs in clovers." That was the expression used.

The boy was gone for a long time and the young ladies began to fear that the youngster had absconded. Finally he returned. He carried in his hand a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper.

"Did you get 'em?" they eagerly asked.

"Ye'm. I got the pinks, but I couldn't find any clover," he replied as he tore off the tissue paper and handed each girl a flower.

Evening Fancie.

Are you reading the absorbingly interesting story that the Morning World is now publishing entitled "A Voyage to Mars"? It is a wonderful account of life on another planet; every body talking about it. Commence reading it to-morrow (see synopsis of preceding chapters in this issue). It beats going to the theatre.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REMARKABLE PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE CORONER.

The witness, asked when he last saw the deceased, informed the Court that it was about 10 o'clock on the night of the 5th.

"And where was he, pray, the whole of the time between the night of the 5th and the

DOES MORE HARM THAN GOOD

THE TUG-OF-WAR MEETING WITH UNIVERSAL CONDEMNATION.

Champions Meet Now Accept a \$1,000 Challenge—Jack Dempsey Will Fight Reagan for a Prize of \$2,500—O. A. Hickock Wants to Face Adams Against Gospel, Jr., for \$5,000 a Side.

The tug-of-war as an athletic institution is universally condemned by scientific authorities. They say it is only a question of a short time now, when it will be abolished. They further declare that the evils of the tug-of-war should be so brought before the eyes of athletes as to induce them to stop practicing it immediately. Arthur T. Lumley, of the New York Illustrated News, says: The tug-of-war is a foolish sport and is highly injurious. It strains every muscle and tendon, as well as the internal organs. It breeds no part of the body. The sport is a relic of past ignorance, and it is somewhat astonishing that it has not yet been done away with.

William Coupe, athletic instructor of Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy—I cannot understand why it is that the tug-of-war has not been frowned down before now. It is surely in about the worst form of physical exercise in existence. It is exactly the reverse of strengthening. It is so very injurious that it actually shortens the life of those participating in it.

The fight against the monopolists of the prize ring carried on in this column has been successful. Now the less wealthy fighters will have a chance to fight the champions, that they must fight for \$1,000 or forfeit the championship, is a veritable bombshell. There will be no more fighting and less blood.

O. A. Hickock, of San Francisco, wants to face Adams against Siro Bro. Gospel, Jr., for \$5,000 a side. The event will probably come off either in Chicago or Detroit.

Efforts are being made to bring about a fight between Ed Campbell, of the S. A. C. C., and P. F. Trolen, of the M. C. C.

Cal McCarthy, who is to fight Matthew J. Flinch, at Madison Square Garden, is training hard in Jersey City. He is down to 160 pounds.

The six days' walking match which Manager Billy O'Brien gave, commencing May 5, will be the last one to be held in Madison Square Garden for over two years. It will take fully that time to erect the new building. The work following the go-as-you-please will be devoted to a female bicycle race.

Archie Rincelair sails for England on Saturday to bring back an "unknown" who he expects will put Littlewood in the soup.

Jack Dempsey says he will fight Johnny Reagan at the California Athletic Club if the Club will offer a prize of \$2,500 or \$3,000, the battle to be Queenberry or London Prize Ring, whichever suits Reagan best.

The New York Athletic Club have in training for the Spring games, all the men they had last year. They will commence strict training on the 1st of April. The Club expects to hold its own in the Spring.

There is every indication of a big boom in athletic sports in the city. The New York Athletic Club expects to put a regular line in the field this year.

The eight-oared crew of the N. Y. A. C. will be selected from the champion list of last fall and from the following men: Scott, Thornton, Frodo, and the others. The names and positions of the old crew were given in yesterday's EVENING WORLD. The new men are: Frodo, Thornton, Scott, and the others. The names and positions of the old crew were given in yesterday's EVENING WORLD. The new men are: Frodo, Thornton, Scott, and the others.

Harry Allen, calling himself the champion of Yorkville, is anxious to meet either Swipes, the newboy, or Billy Barry for a prize of \$100.

William E. Harding, the American prize-ring historian, has just compiled the "Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil." The work will shortly be published by Richard E. Fox.

The Columbia crew is working hard on the Harlem every day. The veteran coach, W. B. Beck, is getting them in trim for the great struggle with Harvard.

Pete McCoy is taking good care of himself. He says he wants to have one more good battle, win or lose. He certainly looks in fine fighting condition.

Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, has placed a deposit of \$250 with the Police Court to fight Johnny Reagan for \$1,000 a side. Carroll says that Reagan has no right to claim the middle-weight championship. He will fight either London Prize Ring or Queenberry rules any time Reagan wishes.

Billy Madden does not favor the \$1,000 championship stake idea. He says that the expense of training, seconds and board is very great, and if the backer of a fighter withdraws his money the latter would probably not have a cent left. The chances of interference are such as to prevent people from paying much to witness a fight, so that the gate receipts are not to be relied upon. Finally, Mr. Madden asserts that when a fighter receives the title of champion he is entitled to dictate terms.

Benefit Performance of "A Gold Mine."

Silas K. Wolcott's amusing and perilous adventures in disposing of "A Gold Mine" will please what will no doubt be a large audience in the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-morrow afternoon.

Man Addressed—You've made a mistake, sir! I am the proprietor of this hotel, not the clerk.

A Mistake.

Agent for Jewelry House—I've got a fine line of diamonds I'd like to show you.

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COQUELIN VERSUS IRVING.

OF course it is an awfully difficult thing to imagine how a man would behave who, having committed a murder, successfully concealed all traces of his crime and propped by the wealth taken from his victim, is subsequently obliged to remember the horrible past and every incident connected with the dark deed of his life.

It all depends upon the nature of the man who has committed the murder. Popular prejudice insists that such a murderer can be but of one kind, but as popular illustrations made to catch the susceptible juvenility of the day would assign to him but one facial expression.

In "Le Juit Polonais," produced last night at the Star Theatre, with Coquelin as Mathis, the great actor evidently courted comparison with Henry Irving, who has been seen here in the same part angelized into Mathias, in "The Belk."

In this melodramatic creation of those never writers, Eckmann and Chatrian—for it is melodramatic, according to its creators—Mathis, years after the commission of a murder, is terrified by hearing of a sonnet, or dream-reading, who is able to put a man to sleep, even against his will, and force him to reveal the past. This affects his piece of mind; all his calm vanishes; the sound of the sleigh-bells which he heard the night of the murder, is forever in his ear; he dreams that he is sentenced to death, and dies in a frenzy of fright at the vivid brain-picture.

Now, I cannot possibly believe that a man who can be subsequently affected by a awful dream as was Coquelin's Mathis; that a being who was psychologically capable of such a vivid return to a buried past as was the French actor's creation; that an individual who long after the commission of a murder would find intensified the terrors which hardly troubled him at first, could live in the quiet, contented, phlegmatic way in which we see him in the first act.

Coquelin's Mathis when we are first introduced to him, is a complacent genial, loquacious old man, who can sit by the stove and smoke in all the narcotic delight of the undisturbed smoker; who loves a good story, who is passionately fond of his only daughter, and delightfully considerate to the wife who has grown old with him. Coquelin makes his Mathis distinctly amusing. The rôle has a comedy aspect, and some of the sayings are given with the same drollery that characterized his Mascarille and his Figaro.

It seems absolutely incredible that such a being could subsequently become a prey to such ghastly imaginings. There is nothing to show that the murderer had made any impression upon him. Surely a deed that could react in such a terrible way must have cast some melodramatic shadow upon the life of Mathis. Coquelin's work was admirable, marvellous, exquisitely shaded, but I can't believe in his Mathis.

Irving's impersonation is melodramatic, and Irving's enemies may mention that as a derogatory fact in connection with his Mathias. Irving seems to avoid stage effects in order to heighten the melodramatic interest of his rôle. And it seems to me that everything that can be done to accentuate the uncanny situation should be done. "Oh," says the sceptic, "Irving's Mathias is not natural. You could never think of such a striding, mannerized creature as roving about his daily life—asking for a beefsteak, or requesting his wife to hand him his slippers."

My good sir, you are not asked to think of the beefsteak or the slippers at the time that the playwright claims your attention. Eckmann and Chatrian are attempting to work out a queer psychological problem, and they want you to see the man at the times when the problem can most easily be solved. It is not necessary to tell you that he eats; he must do so or he could not live. His life is different to that of other men; it has been influenced by other actions.

As a rule I hate melodrama, but in Irving's impersonation of Mathias in "The Belk" I think it is not only necessary but desirable. The lesson taught by the play is that Irving teaches it. It is dangerous to trust Mathias as Coquelin pictures him—serene, semi-comic, complacent.

Coquelin dispensed with the scenic effects of Irving used, but for once the use of scenic effects, for all they are worth, could never be condemned.

Coming Events.

Turner Club, of Harlem, masquerade ball, Harlem Gym Hall, March 30.

Fabian Union, entertainment and reception, Lexington Avenue Opera House, April 24.

National Academy of Design, sixtieth annual exhibition, April 1 to May 11.

Oleto Literary and Social Club, reception, Wells Fargo Building, March 27.

Premium Club, informal colloquy, 12 St. Mark's place, March 31.

J. Ottman Mutual Benefit Association, annual ball, Beethoven Hall, April 6.

FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of Dr. O. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache, dyspepsia, &c.

Mrs. HENRY WINKLERMAN, Box 654.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. O. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. O. McLean's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros. of Pittsburg, Pa. Beware of cheap imitations of the name McLean, spelled differently, but of the same kind. A warning. Insist upon the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa." on the wrapper.

St. Cecilia Lyceum Reorganized.

The St. Cecilia Lyceum has been reorganized and has started out again in a way that gives promise of great things in the future. The new officers are James J. McAvoy, President; Alfred J. Johnson, Sec. President; John H. Sheridan, Treasurer; J. J. O'Grady, Recording Secretary; J. J. Blessing, Financial Secretary; John McDonough, Librarian; George Hanlon, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Club meets every Monday evening at 184 East One Hundred and Eighty street.

Not at all, sir; he had often done it before. Once a month he used to lock himself up in his room in this way, taking nothing to eat. It was always his express wish that he should not be disturbed, and I thought that such days with him were fast days, and, knowing how strict these Eastern people are about their religious observances, it didn't strike me as being in any way odd.

"The first entry is, I see, 11th to 12th February; the second, 12th to 13th March; the third, 11th to 12th April; the fourth, 11th to 12th May; the fifth, 9th to 10th June; the sixth, the 9th to 10th July; the seventh and last, the 7th to 8th August."

"Now these dates exactly coincide with those upon which the murders were committed. It may, of course, be only a coincidence; but it is certainly a very curious one."

Needless to say the Coroner's remarks caused a profound sensation.

Her lodger, Mrs. Parker pointed out, had never kept so long in his room before, and on becoming alarmed at getting no response to the maid-servant's knocks, she had ordered the door to be burst open. The door, she added, was found open on the inside, the key being still in the lock.

She at once, she added, sent for the doctor, who sent for the police, and they made a careful examination of the room.

She was certain that no one had had access to her lodger's rooms during the time stated, and she declared that both the windows of the bedroom and sitting-room, which were on the ground floor looking out to the street, were fastened.

The next witness was Dr. Tilbury. He related how he had been called in by Mrs. Parker, and how he found the deceased in a state of death—had, in fact, been dead some hours. He had never seen a more ghastly sight. The body was lying upon its back; the legs were drawn up, and the arms were strangely contorted. The eyes were wide open, and the expression in them showed the agony the deceased must have undergone. The face was livid, and a good deal of foam was mixed with the blood.

Right through his heart was driven a dagger. It was not an ordinary dagger, but was

of Indian manufacture and shaped like a serpent, with a fine, long point. To it was attached a slip of paper, and the words "The Writing was in characters that he did not understand. The dagger and the sealed envelope were taken possession of by the police.

The dagger produced was undoubtedly the same. Asked if he knew the meaning of the words raised in Hindu characters on the back of the serpent just below the neck, he said he did not. They appeared to be similar in character to the writing on the envelope and on the slip of paper.

In answer to further questions he stated that he carefully examined the body, which, save for a loin cloth, was naked, and found a deep burn on the breast about two inches in diameter. In his opinion, it had been made for the purpose of obliterating some tattoo marks which were probably on the breast of the deceased. It might have been done with the poker, which showed signs of having

been heated. There were no other marks on the body, and death arose from the stab through the heart. The flow of blood had been internal, as only a small clot of blood was on the body. It was his opinion that the death-blow had been self-inflicted.

Dr. Harvey was then called, and he stated that the dagger had been handed to him, and that he had carefully examined the poison it contained; it was a vegetable poison unknown in this country before the 12th of February.

"The date of the murder of Florrie Grey," said the foreman of the jury, who happened to be a chemist.

"Yes, and there is no question that the poison the weapon contained is precisely the same as that used in each of the recent murders, and that all these murders were committed with this very poison."

Intense excitement prevailed in the room when Dr. Harvey made this statement.

"Upon what grounds do you base this belief?" asked the Coroner.

"The shape of the wound is precisely the same in each case," he replied, "and there is not, I should think, in all England another weapon like this. And he took an extraordinary fashioned weapon which lay upon the Coroner's table."

"One more question, Dr. Harvey," said the Coroner. "You, I believe, saw Col. Mansfield on the evening of the 4th—at what hour was that?"

"I saw him at about 6.30 and he left at 7."

"Did he say anything to you about the deceased?" he had been to see him, or that he knew him?"

"Not a word."

"Do you believe the wound was self-inflicted?"

"I do, most certainly."

"That is all, thank you, Doctor."

Harvey retired.

Col. Mansfield deposed how, from information received, he went to 523 Colville street, where he found the body of the deceased. This witness added nothing to what is already known, and Inspector Kinks, of Scotland Yard, was called.

The case, he stated, had been placed in his hands. He had made a thorough examination of the apartments, and the windows were fastened, and there was no other way of getting

into the rooms excepting through the door which had been forced.

The body of the deceased was naked save for a small black loin cloth. There was no jewelry of any kind upon it. On searching the grate, which contained a heap of ashes, he found some charred snuff and what appeared to be bank-notes (pieces of burnt paper produced).

"The room did not show any traces of a struggle having taken place. Everything appeared to be in its proper order, and the

state of the dust-covered windows precluded the possibility of any one having either entered or departed that way."

"I made a most careful examination of both rooms, and the drawers had been emptied of their contents and the clothes of the deceased were torn in strips. Everything belonging to him which had any value appeared to have been either buried or destroyed."

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

MANAGER HART'S WISDOM.

NO PENT-UP HARLEM CAN CONTRACT HIS PLAYGIVING POWERS.

Charles Frohman Almost Done for by an Overdose of Anti-Pyrrus—South and Modjeska's Coming Thirty Weeks' Tour—Maurice Grau Somewhat Astonishes the Parisians.

Manager Hart, of the Theatre Comique, Harlem, is a careful student of matters theatrical and a vigorous expounder of his theories. Said he yesterday, "I don't rely upon the people living in Harlem for patronage. What is Harlem, anyway? I depend upon the downtown people, and I'll tell you why, because it sounds funny to hear that a theatre in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street can draw audiences from the heart of the city. But it can. I know of instances innumerable where people living on the East side have taken the Third Avenue Elevated and come up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street rather than cross over to the West side on foot and go to some of the Broadway houses. Then going home they have nice, comfortable, empty trains instead of crowded horse-cars. My first season in Harlem wasn't good, my second was better and they have gone on improving because I now understand my public. I don't cater to the Harlem public because, in my opinion, there is no Harlem public." Mr. Hart has very decided views on the drama and he does not hesitate to express them. He thinks "The Lady of Lyons" is an awful old story and he feels sorry that Mr. Potter selected it for her opening night at his house.

The contracts between Helena Modjeska and Edwin Booth were not signed until last week. After Modjeska closed her tour in California she quietly took the contract down to her ranch, and after thoroughly dissecting, signed it. Her name is to appear in letters as large as those used in that of Edwin Booth, and her tour is to be only for thirty weeks, that towards the end of the season Lawrence Barrett will once more join Booth and accompany him upon his California trip.

Charles B. Hicks writes from Australia that his American colored minstrels have become so popular in that far-away country that he proposes keeping them there for another season. This organization, three times each week gives baseball exhibitions before large and enthusiastic Australian crowds.

Maurice Grau, it appears, has astonished Paris by securing the Theatre des Variétés for Sarah Bernhardt to play in. She was to have appeared at the Eden Theatre, but there was some difficulty owing to the fact that the house was already occupied by a French troupe. The Variétés is rather an amusing idea. Think of Edwin Booth at the Casino!

Miss Katherine Coleman has made arrangements to spend the winter of 1888-89 in the city of New York. She will, however, take it out early next season with a company, new scenery and new accessories.

Little Miss May Haines has been engaged to play in "Mr. Barnes of New York" at the Grand Opera House, New York. She was with the organization which presented the play through Canada.

PREPARING FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Bloomington Bros. Have Provided Enough Flugs to Drape the City.

It is now unnecessary for those living in the upper part of the city to come downtown to shop. At the corner of Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Bloomington Bros. have an establishment where every want of the household and the individual can be bountifully supplied, and judging from the number of people who flocked there yesterday to the "Spring opening," a very large portion of the uptown population has discovered this fact. The class of goods displayed in the respective departments shows plainly the high class patronage which has been accorded to the firm. In the art department are found real bronzes and examples of that variety of porcelain are kept on hand. In artistic picture frames there is probably as fine an assortment of styles as can be seen anywhere in the city, and new styles are constantly being brought out. On the top floor of this great seven-story building is the kitchen-furniture department, where all sorts of hardware, woodware and ironware are to be found. Thousands of American-made sizes and qualities have been followed for the proper celebration of the inauguration of the Centennial, and probably there will not be left when that time arrives. In another large apartment the packing and shipping of goods ordered by mail are an idea of the large business transacted by the firm. A package picked up at random from a great heap ready to be despatched bore an address in Kansas. Goods are sent all over the continent. The dressmaking department is extensive and complete, and the millinery is in the hands of a lady whose training is a well-known Broadway establishment is utilized for the benefit of her customers.

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